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The Leaves of the Tree

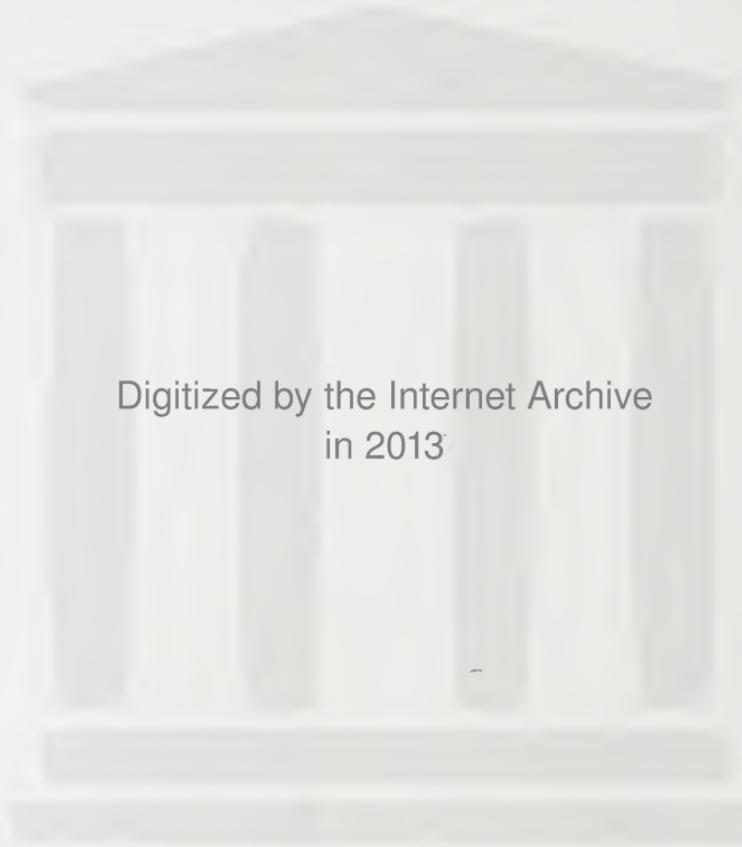
A PAGEANT IN CELEBRATION OF THE
TERCENTENARY OF THE SETTLEMENT
OF WETHERSFIELD, CONNECTICUT
GIVEN ON JUNE 8 AND 9, 1934

*"And the leaves of
the tree were for the
healing of the nations"*

REV ELATION 22:3

Written and Directed by
DORIS CAMPBELL HOLSWORTH

PARTICIPATED IN BY THE PEOPLE OF WETHERSFIELD
GLASTONBURY, NEWINGTON AND ROCKY HILL



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FOREWORD

*"Whoever is not proud of his history,
usually has no history of which to be proud."*

The Tercentenary observance of Wethersfield and her daughter towns Glastonbury, Rocky Hill and Newington is a challenging event. The notable contribution made by Wethersfield to the cause of church, education, patriotism and industry can be but partly reviewed in a stated celebration of a few days.

It is hoped that the presentation of the historical pageant "The Leaves of the Tree" will portray events which will impress and inspire all who witness it or share in it, especially those of the coming generation.

Grateful acknowledgement is made to Mrs. Doris C. Holsworth, the author and director of the pageant and to all who have so generously contributed their time and talent in the preparation of and participation in—

"THE LEAVES OF THE TREE."

OSCAR A. PHELPS,
Chairman, Tercentenary Committee.

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GIFT OF
John Seelye

The Leaves of the Tree

INTRODUCTION TO EPISODE I—(*Given by an unseen speaker from the tree.*)

We trees of the country called Pyquaug by red men,
Standing immutable by the Great River,
We have seen all that has passed in the valley:
Red men on swift feet, running and leaping,
Sowheag, the Sequin, the chief of the Wongunks,
His children and grandchildren, tribes of the valley,
Gathered together here in the meadow,
Dancing, rejoicing, worshipping, feasting,
Living in harmony, peaceful, contented.
Tribes of the Mohawks, the dreaded Pequots,
Came down upon them, fiercely and sudden,
Raided and plundered, killed and took captives,
Leaving a trail of death all down the river.
The Wongunks took counsel then, fearing the Pequots,
How to defend from the cruel intruders;
Sowheag had heard of the white men to eastward,
Jack Straw had been with them, close in their wigwams;
Weak, puny pale faces, but they had fire-sticks
Magic and powerful, deadly in hunting;
They could defend Sowheag and his red brothers,
They would come gladly to settle at Pyquaug,
Eager for trade and for tilling the soil.
Ample the meadows for all, and the beaver,
Otter, and fish of a plenty unbounded.
Red men could live in the meadows beside them,
Safe from the Pequots where pale faces settled.
Sowheag then sent to the eastward Sequassen,
Wahginnacut and the able young Jack Straw.
Oldham took notice, he knew well the red men,
Pled their acceptance, but Winthrop refused them.
Still Oldham cherished the thoughts of this country,
Travelled to westward to meet with the Wongunks,
Crossed the Great River to view the broad meadows
Owned by the Pequots and called by them Pyquaug.
Gifts were exchanged; Oldham and his companions
Sat by the council fire, roved through the woodland,
Turned back to Watertown, sure of returning
Bringing a group of adventurers with them.
As Oldham hoped, the new town was established,
Called Watertown, as their first home was christened,
Houses were built, the soil tilled and planted,
Families came, and the new town was settled.

Episode I

SCENE I—THE PEQUOTS ATTACK THE WONGUNKS.
PYQUAUG, 1630.

(*The Indians assemble for a ceremonial. Young Indian men, from north followed by girls come running and leaping, waving blue flags in their hands. They mark off places and stand still in honor of Sowheag and his chief men as they enter with Wahginnacut and Sequassen followed by their squaws. The sons are greeted and given pipes and the ceremonial begins—An Appeal for Clear Sky—both boys and girls dancing, and squaws beating on tom-toms. Then men join dance, leaping in a great circle, shouting and screeching. The Powaw or priest heaps gifts on altar. Boys on watch suddenly cry out.*)

Boys:—Pequots! Pequots!

(*The dancers are in confusion. Boys and young men rush for bows and arrows. Sowheag orders girls and women to leave. Older men take tomahawks. Pequots rush in from south led by Sassacus. The fight begins. Many are wounded, some are killed. The Pequots take captive some boys and girls who have not escaped. They take gifts which were heaped on mound. Finally the Pequots are driven away, taking their dead with them. The Wongunks mourn over their dead. Other women return and care for wounded. The men hold council. Sowheag in pantomime directs Wahginnacut, Sequassen and Jack Straw to go to the east. They take skins and hemp and go. Other warriors carry out the dead.*)

(Indian music played by band all through scene.)

SCENE II—A MEETING IN BOSTON, APRIL 4, 1631.

(*Puritan soldiers march in from north carrying muskets and halberds. Boys bring a table and bench.*)

(*John Winthrop, Increase Nowell, and Thomas Dudley enter from right. Rev. Wilson and Rev. Philips from left.*)

Gov. WINTHROP:—Good day, Rev. Mr. Wilson and Rev. Mr. Philips. It is most gracious of you to come to this meeting.

REV. WILSON:—Gov. Winthrop, you may feel free to call on me at any time when the welfare of Massachusetts Bay colony is concerned.

REV. PHILIPS:—My flock at Watertown are greatly interested in this meeting. They urged my attendance and begged that John Oldham and others might be admitted.

Gov. WINTHROP:—They have my permission to attend.

(Rev. Philips speaks to boy who goes out.)

REV. WILSON:—But why such warlike preparation? Is there report of any danger pending?

DUDLEY:—We are to have strange visitors at our council today.

REV. PHILIPS:—Pray tell us more of these strange visitors, Thomas Dudley.

DUDLEY:—They are savages from the interior of the country, together with one Jack Straw who has been in England and speaks our tongue.

Gov. WINTHROP:—We shall see them presently. First, Reverend Mr. Wilson, we would know what news you have received from England.

(Rev. Wilson produces letters which he gives to Winthrop, who reads them.)

REV. WILSON:—Matters with our poor brothers grow steadily worse. Other companies hope to join us here as soon as money can be raised and ships procured.

DUDLEY:—Think you we need fear that agents will be sent to this country to interfere with the blessed freedom we have found here?

REV. WILSON:—Indeed, it is to be feared. Only the great distance has protected us thus far. We must strengthen ourselves against this danger.

(Oldham, John and Samuel Hall, Abraham Finch, Jr., Chester and others from Watertown, together with Jack Straw, Wahginnacut and Sequassen draw near.)

Gov. WINTHROP:—I pray you, gentlemen, keep these matters in mind during our council today. Mr. Nowell, please keep a record of the meeting. We welcome John Oldham, and brethren from Watertown. You may introduce the red men to our company.

JOHN OLDHAM:—Gov. Winthrop, Deputy Dudley, Rev. Mr. Wilson and Rev. Mr. Philips, I present to you Jack Straw, who has been known by some in this colony previously, also the chieftains, Wahginnacut and Sequassen, sons of Sequin Sowheag. These red men have travelled over many miles of country to

bring gifts to the worshipful governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Speak, Jack Straw. You are able to give your own message.

JACK STRAW (*Comes forward bearing skins.*) :—Wahginnacut and his brothers give to white sequin skins of beaver, otter, fox from country by Great River. (*Gives skins to Winthrop.*)

DUDLEY:—What beautiful skins!

Gov. WINTHROP:—Beautiful skins, indeed. White sequin thanks Jack Straw. I would share them with my council. (*Gives some to Dudley, Nowell, Wilson and Philips, who show great admiration. Wahginnacut goes to Jack Straw and gives him corn.*)

JACK STRAW:—Wahginnacut give white sequin corn from valley of river called Quonehtacut. Great River has many fish, sweet waters.

REV. PHILIPS:—This valley, is it very far away?

JACK STRAW:—Five suns from white man's lodge.

REV. WILSON:—Five days journey! That is a fearsome distance in a savage wilderness.

JOHN OLDFHAM:—The wilderness is not all savage, Rev. Mr. Wilson! Indeed I have found it very friendly where I have penetrated somewhat into the depths, and I would fain explore this country whose extent we can only guess. Jack Straw, tell us more of this valley.

JACK STRAW:—Sequassen. (*Signs to Sequassen, who displays hemp, which men examine with interest.*) Much hemp grow by River.

DUDLEY:—"Tis better than any hemp we have found, and even better than that of Plymouth.

JACK STRAW:—Rich land, well watered. Open meadows, great trees. White man comes to Pyquaug by Great River, Wongunks give land, beaver skins, corn every harvest.

Gov. WINTHROP:—But why do these red men wish to share the riches of this land with white men?

JACK STRAW (*Acting in pantomime, takes hand of soldier who has musket, then cowers in pretended fear.*):—Wongunks not safe. Pequots come, kill, take away women. White man come with fire stick. Pequots be afraid. (*Sequassen and Wahquinnacut nod heads and grunt assent.*)

Gov. WINTHROP:—So, it is a tribal quarrel in which we are asked to interfere. That is the real reason for this generosity.

SAMUEL HALL:—We shall be getting the better part of the bargain. In return for our protection we shall receive lands, goods for trade, and food stuffs.

REV. WILSON:—Aye, but these Pequots may attack our men. How could the few we might send withstand a whole tribe?

(Jack Straw turns to Indians who draw out bows and arrows, indicate defense and protection, show barbed arrows. They go to Oldham and others and stand before them.)

JOHN OLDMHAM:—The Wongunks will defend themselves, and the white men will be their allies. I would go, Governor Winthrop.

ABRAHAM FINCH, JR.:—And I.

REV. PHILIPS:—My son, how can you take your wife and children into this wilderness? You have ventured enough.

JOHN OLDMHAM:—Indeed, four towns have I helped to establish, but I cannot rest. Ships are bringing more settlers continually. We must have a place for them. (*He paces to and fro.*)

JACK STRAW:—Many white men come—like leaves on tree. Now wind shake the tree—(*He goes to small tree and shakes it.*)—leaves carried far over country, dropped on streams and in valleys. Make the land rich.

JOHN OLDMHAM:—Can you not picture it? A magnificent country, with a live throbbing heart,—great rivers like arteries pulsing with life,—trees as the very flesh, offering themselves to serve and protect, and we linger here at the outer extremities, like burrs upon the hem of a lady's gown, while men of another country, bent only on trade, suck the blood from this throbbing heart, and spread the leaves, not to heal the nation but to cover the ravages they have wrought.

GOV. WINTHROP:—It is a wilderness. What can a handful of men do, cut off from all civilization?

JOHN HALL:—If their civilization is not strong enough to be transplanted and start a new growth, let them begin as savages and build anew a stronger civilization of their own.

GOV. WINTHROP:—We must be cautious.

REV. WILSON:—Aye, our precious religion and our church which we have built in this new land must not be weakened. We cannot spare strong men. They are needed here to enforce the law.

JOHN OLDMHAM:—You cannot hold your strong men cramped in a mould and pattern you have formed. They must be out and on to new fields and freer living.

GOV. WINTHROP:—We are not strong enough yet to divide.

SAMUEL HALL (*Indicating two trees.*):—Which is stronger—the tree which has sent its roots spreading out through the ground and into the depths beneath it, and has grown a crown evenly balanced and spreading to all sides,—or one which has sent its roots in only one direction, and its head all to one side?

REV. WILSON:—We speak not of trees, but of men.

JACK STRAW (*Touching the tree gently.*):—Red man learn from trees many secrets. White man cut down trees. Then he make

mistake. Must go to forest again and watch and learn. Come, learn from great trees of Quonehtacut.

Gov. WINTHROP (*Rising.*) :—My mind is made up. We cannot enter on any such venture. I declare this meeting adjourned.

(*Oldham and Sam Hall retire to one side, displeased. They beckon to Jack Straw, who comes to them. Nowell closes his book. Winthrop speaks to Indians.*)

Good friends, I shall be glad to entertain you if you will accompany me to my house.

(*Jack Straw returns to him, and bows his head in acceptance. He speaks to other Indians and they do likewise. Mary Winthrop, Patience and Mercy Dudley, and other girls enter. Patience speaks to Dudley. He nods and approaches Winthrop.*)

DUDLEY :—Governor Winthrop, these maidens wish a nearer view of the savages and the treasures they have brought.

Gov. WINTHROP :—Gentlemen, shall we share our gifts with these maidens? Reverend Mr. Wilson, do you think that such soft furs would be too great a luxury and vanity for the young ladies?

REV. WILSON :—Indeed, I think there is no harm in using the furs for a warm lining for a cape in the bitter winter. Come, Mary, you shall have the skins which the savage gave me.

(*Mary and other girls come forward timidly and accept skins with curtseys and murmur thanks, looking fearfully at Indians.*)

DUDLEY :—Jack Straw, these are my daughters, Patience and Mercy Dudley. This is Mary Winthrop. Mary, this is Wahginnacut and this Sequassen, come from a far valley where flows a great river, called the Quonehtacut.

(*Girls curtsey and Indians nod heads solemnly and grunt.*)

MARY :—Greater than our River Charles?

JACK STRAW (*Showing extent with his arms.*) :—Many times greater, pale face maiden.

MARY :—Father, the evening meal is prepared. We came to summon you.

Gov. WINTHROP :—Go ahead of us, Mary, and set places for our Indian friends, as they will be our guests tonight.

PATIENCE (*Running to Mary.*) :—Oh, Mary, aren't you afraid?

MARY :—No indeed.

MERCY :—Imagine having Indians in your house!

Gov. WINTHROP : I shall order a suit of clothes given to each, that he may appear more seemly clothed at my table. (*Gives own coat to Jack Straw who shrugs shoulders with a grimace of*

dislike and passes it to Wahginnacut who tries it on delightedly.)

Try this and see how the size will suit you.

PATIENCE (*Giggling.*) :—Indians in suits of clothes—how funny!

(*Older girls go out with Mary, followed by Winthrop, Dudley, Wilson, Philips, Nowell, Wahginnacut and Sequassen. Soldiers follow. Oldham, Samuel and John Hall, and Abraham Finch, Jr. linger and detain Jack Straw.*)

JOHN OLDMAN :—This matter is not ended, Jack Straw. I shall take it upon myself to journey to your country as soon as opportunity presents itself.

JOHN HALL :—I would see this Paradise. I will go with you.

JOHN OLDMAN :—Meet me here, Jack Straw, after your visit with Governor Winthrop is ended. I wish to know more of this country and how to reach it.

JACK STRAW :—Jack Straw come!

(*Exit Jack after Winthrop, followed by younger girls. Boys take away table and benches. Oldham, Finch and the Halls go to the south.*)

(Music by the band.)

SCENE III—SUMMER 1633. OLDMAN VISITS QUONEHTACUT.

(*During the music Indians appear on river in canoes. Four Puritan men appear on east bank of river and blow horn. The Indians draw in to bank and take them in canoes, and cross river. Sowheag's warriors and boys run in and look excitedly across river. They point and call to others.*)

INDIAN BOYS :—Owanux! Owanux! (*White men.*)

(*Sowheag and other warriors, squaws, girls and boys enter, and rush to river to see white men crossing, then hurry to prepare food, and adorn themselves. The canoes come to land. Warriors welcome white men.*)

JOHN OLDMAN :—Wahginnacut, Sequassen, remember John Oldham from Massachusetts.

(*Wahginnacut and Sequassen nod gravely. Oldham offers his hand, which they take.*)

(*Wahginnacut and Sequassen take Oldham to Sowheag.*)

WAHGINNACUT:—Sequin Sowheag,—John Oldham.

(*Sowheag is seated on pile of skins. He rises. Oldham offers his hand. Wahginnacut again takes it and shows how white men shake hands, then Sowheag follows suit. They give him wampum and knives. He motions to squaws to give white men food.*)

JOHN OLDHAM:—Pyquaug, by the Great River—it is all that Jack Straw described it to be, and more! I have never seen so majestic a stream, such gently rolling meadows and such magnificent trees.

SAMUEL HALL:—It is worth the many hard days struggling through the forest to look upon such a Paradise.

JOHN HALL:—The women are bringing us food. They are a generous people.

JOHN OLDHAM:—They will be our friends if we deal with them fairly.

(*He takes food from squaw. Thanks her in sign language and offers a share to her. She accepts. Other men eagerly take corn cakes and dried meat and eat them. They sink down on ground as though very weary.*)

SQUAW:—Tcani anggksag wanaksceg! (*Poor white man!*)

JOHN OLDHAM:—She says, “Poor white men”. The language of these Wongunks is very like that of the Bay Indians which I have learned.

ABRAHAM FINCH, JR.:—We seem to manage unbelievably well without language. In the wigwams of the different tribes where we have slept the five nights we have been on our way, we have lacked for nothing.

(*Sowheag offers Oldham pipe, which he puffs and passes to others, then to Indian warriors.*)

(*Indian boys give display of leaping, and shooting bows and arrows.*)

(*Warriors bring corn, hemp and skins, which the Puritans examine with approval. An Indian comes from the river with a string of fish which he displays to Wahginnacut.*)

WAHGINNACUT:—Piamag wikcteu! (*Handsome fish.*)

JOHN OLDHAM:—Yes indeed, that is a handsome fish, is it not!

(*Indian gives fish to squaw to cook. Sowheag rises and comes to Oldham.*)

SOWHEAG:—Owanux nagawi Sowheag djakwin. (*White men go to sleep in Sowheag's house.*)

(*Points to south and pretends to sleep.*)

JOHN OLDHAM:—Sowheag offers to let us sleep in his wigwam.

JOHN HALL:—These red men are like children in their generosity. They seem most eager to share their possessions.

JOHN OLDHAM:—They will be disappointed that we have not come to stay. I must find what land they will give us. (*To Sowheag.*) Sowheag, Iwa dabatni. Nami mandunag. (*Thank you for that. Give land.*)

(*Oldham points to ground, takes up piece of turf and twig and gestures from Sowheag to himself and other white men.*)

SOWHEAG:—(*Pointing north and south, then east and west.*):—Sowheag nami mandunag. (*Sowheag gives land.*)

(*He takes turf and twig and gives back to Oldham, who gives him a large piece of homespun cloth, and several knives.*)

JOHN OLDHAM:—Sowheag will give us land here and also to north and south, east and west.

ABRAHAM FINCH, JR.:—But where will red men go?

(*Points to red men and opens hands. Indicates sleep and rest.*)

SOWHEAG:—Sowheag nagawi Pyquaug hukwe owanux djakwin.

(*Points south.*)

JOHN OLDHAM:—He says “Sowheag will sleep in open meadow southeast of white man’s lodge.”

SAMUEL HALL:—Does he understand that we want to cut the trees and build ourselves houses; that we want to till the soil and raise food for ourselves and our families?

(*He imitates putting corn in ground, takes hatchet and pretends to chop sapling. Oldham brings out paper, draws on it and hands to Sowheag. Sowheag points north, south, east and west. Oldham nods. Sequassen consults with Sowheag, and goes to boy for stone, which Sowheag takes and makes mark on paper.*)

ABRAHAM FINCH, JR.:—I think Wahginnacut is trying to tell me that other white men have gone up river and made a fort, and they do not talk as we do.

JOHN OLDHAM:—A group of white men already have a fort on the river? It must be the Dutch from New York. We must find out before we leave.

SAMUEL HALL:—That news should do much to bring the Massachusetts Court to make a decision regarding settlement. We must appeal to Winthrop again as soon as we return.

JOHN OLDHAM:—Whether Winthrop approves or not I shall come here to settle within the year, and doubt not that I can find a company of adventurers to join with me.

ABRAHAM FINCH, JR.:—That will I, John Oldham, and my father and brothers with me. We find the rules of Massachusetts too stern and the land too limited to support our growing families.

JOHN HALL (*Who has been examining the stone which Sowheag used to make a mark.*) :—If I mistake not, this is a piece of fine black lead. (*Makes sign of picking up from ground. Boy shakes head in negation and indicates digging out and splitting, points toward northeast and shows great extent with arms.*) He must mean that there are rocks of this lead in the hills yonder. If so, we should find it most valuable to make balls for our muskets. (*Wahginnacut approaches Oldham and gestures to west and north.*)

SAMUEL HALL:—It is God's own country, everything provided if we but stretch out our hands to take it.

JOHN OLDHAM:—Wahginnacut will show us more of the country. There may be other spots which we should see, but to me the land along the river seems most desirable for our new town.

ABRAHAM FINCH, JR.:—Aye, it is good to be by the River.

JOHN OLDHAM:—We must return at once to Watertown and apply for permission to remove to Quonehtacut.

(*Exeunt to north.*)

(Music by Band.)

SCENE IV—SUMMER 1634. ARRIVAL OF THE TEN ADVENTURERS; DANCE INTERLUDE; WILD ANIMALS AND BIRDS.

(As soon as all participants in previous scene have left, the birds and small animals, represented by children, creep out cautiously, becoming gradually bolder and joining in a gay dance. Then they hear sounds of white men returning, they become alarmed, then in a panic they flutter and scamper here and there, finally disappearing as the Adventurers enter from north: John Oldham, Abraham Finch with two sons, Robert Seeley, Nathaniel Foote, John Strickland, John Clarke, Andrew Ward, Robert Rose, Leonard Chester, and William Bassum (servant). They come out from the woods to the north, leading horses and cows, laden with equipment, accompanied by Wahginnacut and his warriors, and Indian boys and girls who peer curiously at the cows and horses and the burdens the men carry. Sowheag and his warriors

come from south. The men look around and begin exploring eagerly.)

JOHN OLDMAN:—This is the spot we selected for our settlement,—here at the bend in the Great River, where we may have a fine harbor for our boats.

(Oldham greets Sowheag, who shows pleasure in the arrival.)

ABRAHAM FINCH, JR.:—Is it not a far more pleasing place for settlement than Watertown?

LEONARD CHESTER:—The place has great beauty and fine possibilities as a center for trade and shipping. Let us make a common here, and a landing near by.

ANDREW WARD (*Examining the ground.*):—The soil is rich and fine, with a rare amount of sand to keep it light. I believe we could grow beans as well as corn, and mayhap many other crops—perhaps even onions and tobacco as they do in the Virginia Colony.

NATHANIEL FOOTE:—Aye, but first we must build shelters for ourselves and prepare more substantial homes for the families who are coming after us.

JOHN OLDMAN:—Sowheag has offered us his wigwams.

ABRAHAM FINCH, JR.:—I had enough of their stuffy wigwams when we came down here last year. It is warm and we have blankets. We can sleep under the stars until our shelters are ready.

(Oldham communicates with Sowheag, points to sky and ground.)

ABRAHAM FINCH, SR. (*To Rose*):—These Indian children would be most delighted to see the inside of our bundles. Have you aught to give them?

ROBERT ROSE (*Laying down blanket roll, and taking hatchet from belt.*):—Yes indeed, I know the fondness these children have for gifts. See, boys, here is a shiny hatchet of steel—easy now, that you do not cut yourselves, but try it on yonder sapling—we shall need boughs for beds and shelter.

(He lets them feel the edge of the hatchet, then takes it to sapling and shows them how to use it, finally letting them try alone.

NATHANIEL FOOTE (*who has also opened his bundle.*):—Here are some shells from the sea, and beads for the maidens, strung by my own daughters.

(Indian girls take beads eagerly.)

ROBERT SEELEY:—Shells from the sea,—it is a weary distance from us now! When shall we see it again, and how may our families and friends find the way hither?

JOHN OLDMHAM:—I have planned for that, Robert Seeley. You and Sergeant Strickland and Andrew Ward are to return this autumn to Watertown, to prepare the company and lead them hither next year.

ROBERT SEELEY:—It were best the women and children come by water. They could never make their way over the rocky, winding paths we have followed.

ANDREW WARD:—Before long the trail will be as wide and smooth as many a road in England.

ROBERT ROSE:—You have a good imagination, Andrew Ward. This wilderness is as unlike England as these dusky maidens are unlike our girls of Watertown.

ANDREW WARD:—We may not live to see the time, but it will come, when this land shall be not unlike England. When I return to Watertown I shall ask for dismissal from the church, and for permission to establish one in our new settlement.

SERGEANT STRICKLAND:—You have chosen the place well, John Oldham: below the fort of the Dutch, so that they may not cut us off from the sea. Do you expect any trouble from them?

JOHN OLDMHAM:—Nay, they will not molest us. The men of New Plymouth trading post tell me they were threatened once or twice, but never attacked.

JOHN CLARKE:—What do the red men call these meadows?

JOHN OLDMHAM:—Pyquaug it is called,—open country, place of dancing. Over the river is Naubuck, to the south Mattabesett.

JOHN CLARKE:—Place of dancing! We must not tell that to our young folk. Open country is better, but that is no real name for our town.

JOHN OLDMHAM:—Let us call our settlement Watertown, after our former home, at least until some other name may be suggested by the settlers.

ABRAHAM FINCH, JR.:—Aye, and the brook yonder may well be called Beaver Brook, as is our stream at Watertown. As I explored last year I found beaver dams along its course.

(Chester and others take muskets and stalk about the field.)

NATHANIEL FOOTE:—Good hunting it will be. The red men are kind to lead their white brothers to this Paradise.

(He offers wampum to Indians.)

SOWHEAG (*Points toward west.*)—Tci wi dapku. (*It is almost night.*)

JOHN OLDHAM:—Sowheag reminds me that it is almost night, and the higher ground will be more suitable for our shelters.

(The men gather up boughs which the Indian boys have cut. The boys carry some of them, as the men collect their animals.)

ROBERT ROSE:—Our animals must be fed and relieved of their burdens.

ABRAHAM FINCH, JR.:—And then we may attack the forest in earnest, and new Watertown shall arise.

(Exeunt south leading horses and cattle and followed by Indians.)

*(Song by Chorus—*We'll War with the Forest*, by Frances J. Crosby and George F. Root.)*

SCENE V—JUNE, 1635. FAMILIES AND MORE SETTLERS ARRIVE.

(Robert Rose, John Clarke and Leonard Chester come out with rude hoes, spades and pickaxe, and go to work on land. Nathaniel Foote, Abraham Finch, Jr., and Wm. Bassum come and are pacing off land. A few Indians wander in and look on curiously. Nathaniel Foote draws line and marks tree with initials, N. F.)

NATHANIEL FOOTE:—I will mark my initials, N. F. on this tree. We can start a boundary line from here.

JOHN CLARKE:—What use is a boundary mark on a tree which may be cut any day as timber for building?

NATHANIEL FOOTE:—We need not cut every tree that is near at hand, but spare a few for markers and for pleasant shade.

ROBERT ROSE:—Leave off your measuring, Nathaniel Foote, till some later time when there be more need to know our bounds. Take a hand with us to break this sod, for it is already late in the season. We must get in seed if we are to have provisions for the autumn.

(Foote, Finch and Bassum take hoes and go to work.)

LEONARD CHESTER:—The grain planted last autumn has done well and is almost ready for cutting.

ABRAHAM FINCH, JR.:—How good some real wheat bread would taste, after the hard corn cakes we have eaten all winter.

NATHANIEL FOOTE:—Aye, a good brown loaf such as my wife can bake.

LEONARD CHESTER (*Stops digging.*) :—Don't talk about it, Nathaniel Foote, for I cannot work when I think of such delicacies. I pray that the ship bringing our women folk may come safe and swiftly.

ROBERT ROSE:—Work, Leonard Chester! The ship may be here any day and there is much to be done.

LEONARD CHESTER:—My hut is in readiness, and I could work better if I had some of my wife's good cooked food to sustain me, rather than these half cooked Indian messes. I'm going to the river for a drink. The thought of good food has made me both hungry and thirsty.

NATHANIEL FOOTE:—Do not be hard on the lad, Robert. He is young and is worried that his wife has to take the long journey without him.

ROBERT ROSE:—Aye, he is a good lad, and brave, but somewhat impulsive.

LEONARD CHESTER (*Calling from river bank.*):—The ship! It is near! The ship from Watertown.

(*The boat is seen approaching from the south. He shouts and halloos, almost beside himself. All the men drop tools and rush to river bank. Great excitement and shouting. Indians run to look, then one goes to summon Sowheag.*)

(*Abraham Finch and John Oldham enter and join other men. Sowheag comes with his warriors.*)

(*The boat comes to shore. Men, women and children disembark with trunks, kettles, cradles, etc. Among those on the boat are Robert Seeley, Thomas Adams, Thomas Standish, Susanna Standish with two sons, Joyce Ward, Rachel Brundish with three sons and two daughters, Samuel Smith with wife Elizabeth and four young children, Honor Deming, John Deming, Sr., and John Deming, Jr., Thomas and Matthew Williams and families, Samuel Hale, Andrew Ward, John Strickland, Rev. John Sherman, Mary Chester, Wm. Swayne with his wife and two daughters, Robert Coe, Robert Reynolds, Jonas Weede, Richard Treat, with his wife Alice and sons, Mrs. Rose and sons, Mrs. Foote with two sons and five daughters—the oldest Elizabeth Foote, Mrs. Finch and Daniel Finch. Other men enter from south and join party.*)

(*Over the hubbub of greetings and confusion of landing, finally some voices are heard, as the first to disembark leave the river bank and come nearer.*)

NATHANIEL FOOTE:—Ah, dear wife, we were hungering' for your good cooking. Boys and girls, see what a fine new home-place you have.

LEONARD CHESTER (*To his wife.*):—Mary, you are an answer to prayer. How do you feel after the long trip?

ROBERT ROSE:—Why Elizabeth, how you've grown! Mary, you're looking pale and thin. Ah, boys, I'm glad to have you to help.

ELIZABETH FOOTE:—Oh, the journey was so long! But it is lovely here.

RACHEL SWAYNE:—I don't like so many Indians! We've seen them peering out from behind trees all the way up the river.

ROBERT SEELEY (*To Oldham.*):—Are you working in the meadows with no man standing guard?

JOHN OLDHAM:—There is no need for a guard from these friendly red brothers.

ROBERT SEELEY:—Mayhap not, but only a little farther to the south there are many whose faces looked not so friendly as they gazed at us.

SAMUEL HALE:—They looked threatening enough. We had best keep watch.

SOWHEAG (*Shaking his head and pointing down river.*):—Pequot, matsu ski dambak. (*Bad people.*)

(*Children run about exploring. Men lead families away to north and south.*)

LEONARD CHESTER:—Sowheag has told us of these warlike Pequots, but I have roamed the woods for miles around and seen not one.

MARY CHESTER:—Leonard, you are too venturesome!

THOMAS STANDISH (*To Oldham.*):—We must venture if we are to progress.

THOMAS ADAMS:—There speaks a true Standish. Thomas has visited in Plymouth since his arrival from England, and has many messages for you from old friends there.

JOHN OLDHAM:—Old friends, say you?

THOMAS STANDISH:—Aye, there are many there who think well of you, John Oldham, though the lawmakers found you too independent for their stern regulations.

ROBERT ROSE:—Come Standish, Adams, all of you, and see our town. We have made a brave start.

JOHN DEMING:—You have made a start of cultivating the meadows also.

ROBERT ROSE:—More than a start. Oldham has a crop of grain already. We think he is now a settled townsman.

JOHN OLDHAM:—There is an urge upon me to go out again and start settlements toward the south. Did you not see many fine sites at the mouth of the river and on the islands?

THOMAS STANDISH:—Fine sites. But would there not be too great danger near such hostile savages?

JOHN OLDFHAM:—They are but children. They will not be hostile if I take them a few gifts and treat them kindly.

(*Beckons to Sowheag, and indicates the newcomers.*)

Sowheag sit down in peace, now many white men protect him from Pequots. (*Sowheag nods solemnly, and draws back, summoning young Indians who bring tents.*)

REV. SHERMAN:—John, you have a way with these red men. But see you be not overconfident.

JOHN OLDFHAM (*Laughing.*):—Now we shall have the church to counsel and protect us, what shall we fear? Come. Reverend Mister Sherman, select a spot for a meeting house.

REV. SHERMAN:—Let us thank God for bringing us safely to our new home, New Watertown. (*He raises his hand and all kneel and bow heads in prayer.*)

ROBERT ROSE (*Eagerly.*):—Come to the town—come lay out the land.

LEONARD CHESTER:—See the houses we have built and the lands we have cleared.

(*All go out except Sowheag and Indians who are setting up tents.*)

Selection by the Band.

INTRODUCTION TO EPISODE II.—(*By speaker from tree.*)

Leaves of the tree, as they open in April,
See the new town with its many new houses,
Firmly established beside the Great River.
Many newcomers have joined the adventure,
Hartford and Windsor have grown to the northward.
Court is established, and leaders appointed,
Surveys are made and the town is rechristened.
Called Wethersfield by the choice of the people.
Oldham has gone, killed by treacherous Pequots
As he adventured to sail to the southward.
Tranquil, industrious, not fearing trouble
All are commencing the day's occupations,
When from the South there descends the red terror,
Bringing confusion and death and great sorrow,
Causing the first of the wars of the country,
Ending the friendship with Sowheag—unjustly
Charged with abetting and aiding the Pequots.
Still the town grows, and the church members quarrel:
Enterprise calls for new towns to be builded,
So they divide and the leaves are spread further.
Growing and prospering, holding election,
Governing under a charter of freedom
They draw the notice of King James the Second.
Jealous to share in their gains, he sends Andros,
Tries to deprive them of freedom and charter.
Some are most loyal, would give up to Andros;
Others defy him, refuse to surrender.
So there are storms, but the town still increases;
First of the daughters is formed to the eastward.
Then comes a change in the course of the River,
Changing the lines and the landings and meadows.
Great elms and oak trees, serene o'er the conflicts
Spread in protection and whisper of healing,
Bringing a balm to the hearts which have suffered.

Episode II

(During the music the Indians finish setting up wigwams and enter them.)

SCENE I—THE INDIAN MASSACRE, APRIL 23, 1637.

(Thomas Kilbourne comes out with his eleven year old son, John, to get water from the river in large kettles. They are sleepy. Kilbourne is a little cross and urges John to hurry.)

(Richard Gildersleeve, John Deming and John Brundish come with saws and axes to chop wood. They haul some logs up from the river bank, and all three start sawing.)

(Wm. Swayne brings out the mortar and pestle, and joins those who are sawing. The two Swayne girls bring corn to grind, and one pounds with the pestle while the other pours in corn. Another girl brings out clothes to wash in a small tub. Stephen Ward and Thomas Adams go to work loosening up the ground with spade and pickaxe.)

(Kilbourne and his son return from river and carry water across the field. Kilbourne pours water into the tub for the girl, then stops to talk to Brundish, setting down buckets. Abraham Finch, Jr., comes out with a hoe and joins the workers.)

(A horseman rides across, shoots matchlock, and shouts, "Indians!" All look up and start to gather up tools.)

(A company of thirty or forty Pequot Indians land silently from canoes, and creep up around the bushes, then with screams suddenly attack the workers with arrows and hatchets. The men shout and girls scream. Another woman and boy run out and are killed. Brundish, Kilbourne, Ward, Adams and Abraham Finch, Jr. are killed. The men try to defend themselves and protect the girls, but Nepaupuck captures one Swayne girl. Odoqueninomon captures a girl who resists, struggling wildly, and he kills her. Another Indian captures the other Swayne girl and takes her to a canoe. Several cows are set loose and the Indians drive them away.)

PEOPLE:—Indians! Pequots! They've surrounded us! They're taking the girls!

(Robert Seeley and Thomas Standish rush out with guns, and fire, but Indians escape to canoes, taking the two girls with them. They paddle rapidly down river. Seeley takes aim at them but Swayne rushes out and prevents firing, protesting and pointing to girls.)

{ (John Clark, Sgt. John Nott, Samuel Hale, Wm. Goodrich, George Chappel, John Plumb, Robert Rose, Samuel Sherman, Samuel Smith, Lt. Richard Treat, Jr., Andrew Ward, Jonas Weede, Thomas Tracy, Wm. Comstock, Wm. Cross, James Bosey rush out with muskets, but Indians have disappeared.)

(Joyce Ward and Mrs. Finch, Jr. come and try to revive their husbands. Abraham Finch and Daniel Finch sadly carry away Abraham Finch, Jr. Mrs. Swayne weeps over the slain girl and is in despair as she looks for the other girls. The men carry away the other bodies. There is great shouting.)

PEOPLE:—Pequots! Indians! They took the two Swayne girls! They loosed the cows! Abraham is killed! Thomas is killed!

(Then there is silence as they realize it is too late to do anything. Wm. Swayne brings out horse. Rachel Brundish is summoned and laments as they carry her husband away. John Kilbourne runs about, terribly frightened. Other women come and try to console Mrs. Swayne, Mrs. Finch, Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Brundish. Lt. Robert Seeley orders drum beaten and men gather together.)

— LT. SEELEY:—We have been careless and over confident. It is now too late to avert this catastrophe, but let us take care that it shall not happen again. I appoint Thomas Standish and Richard Treat, Jr., to stand watch while we decide what is next to be done.

WILLIAM SWAYNE (*Interrupting.*):—I am going down the river to Saybrook to see if these savages can be halted there. Richard Gildersleeve, will you care for my wife and sons while I am gone? (*He mounts his horse.*)

RICHARD GILDERSLEEVE:—We will take care of them.

MRS. SWAYNE:—I must go also. I cannot stay here, wondering what may be happening to my girls. (*She breaks down. Other women comfort her and bring wraps. She mounts pillion behind Swayne.*)

LT. SEELEY:—You must have an escort, Wm. Swayne. It is not safe after this to take such a perilous trip alone.

ANDREW WARD:—I will go with him.

REV. JOHN SHERMAN:—I will go also. I will saddle quickly and bring provisions.

(*Ward and Sherman go out, followed by Swayne and his wife on horseback. The men clean and prime their muskets.*)

(*Sowheag and other warriors enter—women shriek and shrink from him.*)

THOMAS STANDISH:—Sowheag, Pequots kill white men and woman. Sowheag know?

SOWHEAG (*Shaking his head.*):—Sowheag not know—not see.

MRS. ADAMS (*Excitedly.*):—It's a lie.

MRS. WARD:—Of course he knows.

MRS. BRUNDISH:—He must have seen.

ABRAHAM FINCH:—If you had only seen them and warned us!

SOWHEAG (*As before.*):—Sowheag not see.

MRS. FINCH:—It is a mistake letting the red men stay so near us.

They probably gave a signal to these invaders when we came out.

WOMEN:—Aye, he knows.

SOWHEAG:—Sowheag go to Mattabesett. Move tents south.

(*He goes out greatly offended. His warriors take down tents and carry them away.*)

SGT. STRICKLAND:—We should have taken warning from the murder of John Oldham by the Pequots. Daniel Finch, you are constable, you should see that a watch is set.

DANIEL FINCH:—I will do so at once. (*He goes out.*)

THOMAS STANDISH:—We must have a fort for defense.

L.T. SEELEY:—The time has come not only for defense but for an offensive war against these assassins.

SAMUEL HALE:—Let us go to Hartford and urge the Court to declare war.

JOHN PLUMB:—You may go in my shallop, and that will help in transporting men and supplies from Hartford and Windsor.

L.T. SEELEY:—A good suggestion, John Plumb. Make ready, Hale, Treat, Tracy, John Nott, Clarke, Cross, Palmer and Chappel. We start at once for Hartford.

(*Exeunt men named to north. The men remaining gather together the women and children and escort them as they go to the south, looking fearfully toward the river, accompanied by beating of drums.*)

(Song by Men's Chorus—*Prepare We for Battle*, by Frances J. Crosby and George Root.)

SCENE II—CHURCH DIVISION, 1639

(*Drummer plays summons to meeting. Boys bring a table and stool.*)

(Enter Rev. John Sherman, Rev. Richard Denton, John Strickland, Jonas Weede, Robert Coe, Robert Reynolds.)

(Rev. John Sherman calls meeting to order.)

REV. SHERMAN:—Brethren, three of the church members have asked me to call this meeting, that we may settle upon a pastor for the Wethersfield Church.

JOHN STRICKLAND:—It is time we had a settled pastor.

ROBERT COE:—We have much good preaching as it is.

JONAS WEEDE (*Looking around.*):—Where is Andrew Ward? We need all our members for such an important step.

REV. SHERMAN:—Andrew Ward is with the other committees of the General Court at Hartford. He should return soon.

(Richard Treat, Samuel Sherman, Daniel Finch, Richard Gildersleeve, Jeremy Jagger, Thomas Standish, Clement Chaplin, Robert Rose and Nathaniel Foot enter.)

SAMUEL SHERMAN:—Andrew Ward and William Swayne are riding hither from the General Court. May we interrupt your meeting until we can hear the news of the election?

REV. SHERMAN:—Aye, Samuel, bring Andrew Ward and the deputies here as soon as they arrive.

RICHARD TREAT:—Here they come now, and the whole town with them.

(*Andrew Ward enters with Wm. Swayne, James Bosey, Thurston Raynor, George Hubbard, and Richard Crabbe, followed by a crowd of men and boys.*)

CROWD:—What were the elections? Who was elected?

RICHARD TREAT:—Was Haynes elected?

DANIEL FINCH:—Who is the deputy?

REV. SHERMAN:—Order! Order!

ANDREW WARD:—Gentlemen, the General Court acting under the Fundamental Orders for the first time, elected as Governor of Connecticut the Honourable John Haynes.

CROWD:—Hurrah, Haynes, Hurrah!

ANDREW WARD:—Roger Ludlow was elected deputy. James Bosey of Wethersfield was chosen military inspector.

CROWD:—Hurrah! Hurrah! James Bosey! (*They shake his hand and slap his back.*)

REV. SHERMAN:—Order! Order!

GEORGE HUBBARD:—Let us have an election of town officers.

CROWD:—Aye, election! Election!

CLEMENT CHAPLIN:—You cannot hold a free election by the people. It is not permitted.

REV. DENTON:—It is most important that a record be kept of all births, deaths, and marriages in the town. Let us elect a recorder.

CROWD:—Aye, a recorder! Matthew Mitchell! Matthew Mitchell!

CLEMENT CHAPLIN:—But it is not legal. I shall protest it.

WILLIAM SWAYNE:—Under the Fundamental Laws the people may hold elections.

GEORGE HUBBARD:—I have some beans for voting. (*Pours beans from sack.*)

JOHN DEMING (*Taking up bowl.*):—All in favor of Matthew Mitchell drop in a white bean. Those opposed, a black bean.

(*Men pick up beans and go to table.*)

CLEMENT CHAPLIN (*Angrily.*):—The Court will not recognize a free election.

JOHN DEMING:—Let them fail to recognize it. We'll have our recorder all the same.

CROWD:—Aye, Matthew Mitchell, our recorder!

REV. SHERMAN:—Order! Order! My good people, your election must be postponed until some later time after due notice has been given. The Church members are gathered for business of importance. You have interrupted our church meeting and I beg you to leave.

(*Hubbard and Deming put beans into sack and take it away. The crowd leaves noisily, all except Andrew Ward and the men who were present in the beginning of the scene.*)

REV. SHERMAN:—Let us proceed. We are gathered to choose a settled pastor. To my mind Reverend Peter Prudden, who has lately come among us, excels in the art of preaching. I hope that we may be able to call him to our ministry.

ANDREW WARD:—I am in favor of Reverend Mr. Denton. He is a small man but he is great of soul. Let us call him to be our pastor.

JONAS WEEDE AND ROBERT COE:—Aye, Reverend Denton.

ROBERT REYNOLDS:—Reverend Henry Smith is a man of wisdom and great godliness. He is my choice.

JOHN STRICKLAND:—Aye, Reverend Mr. Smith.

REV. SHERMAN:—This is a company ever divided among itself. And so after five years we have no settled pastor and we cannot

accept new members into our fellowship. I have heard fine reports of a site for a town at Wepowaug, near our brothers of New Haven, and I plan to remove hither with Reverend Prudden and others of our townsmen as soon as the floods are over.

ANDREW WARD:—Do you not think there will be danger from Indians if such a small company go out alone? Jonas Weede and I have thought earnestly of removing to Rippowams, along the shore still farther to the south. Rev. Denton may be persuaded to go with us.

REV. DENTON:—Aye, will you not wait another year and join us?

REV. SHERMAN:—I fear there would be trouble again with so many clergymen. We think there is no danger from the Indians now. The chief, Montowese, who is near Wepowaug, is a nephew of our old friend, Sowheag. We hope to spread healing among these nations, rather than fear and war.

ROBERT COE:—I think that I will join with Andrew Ward, and I believe Matthew Mitchell and many others would go with us.

JOHN STRICKLAND:—That would leave but Robert Reynolds and me of the Church members.

REV. DENTON:—Then mayhap you can agree to call Reverend Mr. Smith as your settled pastor, and there will be harmony at last within the church.

ROBERT REYNOLDS:—Let us call upon Reverend Mr. Smith at once.

REV. SHERMAN:—'Tis for the healing of the strife within that we go, as well as for the nations without. Do not fear, John Strickland. You shall build anew a strong church that shall stand firm beneath the trees of Wethersfield forever.

(*Exeunt all.*)

(Short Selection by Band.)

SCENE III—ARRIVAL OF SIR EDMUND ANDROS, Oct. 31, 1687.

(*Sound of trumpets blowing on far side of river. Horseman gallops in and responds with bugle. Soldiers are seen on east side embarking in ferry boats.*)

(*Capt. Talcott rides in with Rev. Dr. Bulkeley and Rev. Mr. Woodbridge, followed by train bands marching, led by Capt. John Chester and Capt. Robert Welles. Boys lead in a number of fine horses. Catharine Bulkeley, Mary Hale and Mary Kimberly and other women and children follow.*)

REV. DR. BULKELEY:—After the train bands have spent a week waiting for him, my lord governor arrives just when no one is at attention.

CAPT. TALCOTT:—The train band will be assembled before Major Andros has crossed the river. Some of his party have already crossed below.

CATHARINE BULKELEY:—It will be a rare sight to see a company of the King's soldiers!

MARY KIMBERLY:—There will be gay times in Connecticut now!

MARY HALE:—The King's men do not care for us! They will bring more sadness than joy to us.

REV. DR. BULKELEY:—Let us pray that Richard Smith guide his ferry carefully. It is a great honor to have the new Governor, Sir Edmund Andros, pass through our town and visit the Connecticut Court.

CAPT. TALCOTT:—An honor we could well do without. We need no new governor. We have our own Governor, Robert Treat, who has brought us through the Indian Wars and knows well the character and condition of our people. (*To men.*) Captain John Chester, is your company drawn up?

CAPT. CHESTER:—In a moment, Captain Talcott. Squad attention! Dress ranks! Present arms!

(The men line up, dress ranks and present arms. Their guns are of assorted sizes and uniforms varied.)

REV. DR. BULKELEY:—I fear our men will make a shabby appearance beside Governor Andros' regulars.

CAPT. CHESTER:—I fear it not. My men would make a fine appearance were they dressed in skins and rags. They have faced danger and know true values.

REV. MR. WOODBRIDGE:—Softly, John Chester, Rev. Dr. Bulkeley has faced danger with us many times, and we cannot say he does not know true values. He only wishes us to look our best to meet these royal representatives.

CAPT. TALCOTT:—Captain Robert Welles—The North Company.

CAPT. WELLES:—North Company, attention! Dress ranks! Present arms!

(The men drill and march until the boats are nearly across.)

CAPT. TALCOTT:—To my mind, gentlemen, as fine a band of men as England or any of the colonies could produce.

CHILDREN (Watching boats crossing.):—Oh, they're almost here, See the red coats—oh, see the lances!

WOMEN:—Don't they look splendid! How the trumpets shine!

CAPT. TALCOTT:—Companies, attention!

(Both companies stand at attention and salute as boats land and Major Andros steps out, accompanied by two justices, 3 gentlemen, 4 officers in blue coats, 10 or 15 soldiers in red coats with small guns and short lances, Sam Bligh and another trumpeter.)

(Capt. Talcott, Rev. Dr. Bulkeley and Rev. Mr. Woodbridge dismount and go to meet them, giving horses to boys to hold.)

REV. DR. BULKELEY:—A cheer for the new governor.

PART OF CROWD:—Hurrah for Governor Andros!

OTHER PART:—Nay, Major Andros. He be not our Governor!

SAM BLIGH:—Hold your tongues, saucy knaves.

REV. DR. BULKELEY:—Welcome, Governor Andros. Welcome to Wethersfield. We beg leave to escort you to Hartford.

GOV. ANDROS:—My thanks to you, sir. You must be the Rev. Dr. Bulkeley, of whose bravery and loyalty I have heard.

REV. DR. BULKELEY:—You praise me higher than I deserve, your Excellency! My daughter would speak with you.

CATHARINE BULKELEY:—Will it please your Excellency to visit the meeting house where we have refreshments prepared for you and your men?

GOV. ANDROS:—Thank you, Mistress Bulkeley, but we must be on our way.

CAPT. TALCOTT:—Major Andros, we have here fresh horses, if it please your Honor to use them for the trip to Hartford. When yours have rested they may be brought across the river.

GOV. ANDROS:—Your thoughtfulness is appreciated, Captain. We must hasten on to Hartford, as there is much business to be transacted.

BOYS:—Major Andros, don't take away our charter!

OTHERS:—Please Major Andros, don't take the charter!

REV. DR. BULKELEY:—Be quiet, rascals! These rogues know not of what they speak.

YOUNG MEN:—Aye, we do know. We will keep our charter!

CAPT. TALCOTT:—You hear the voice of the people, Major Andros.

GOV. ANDROS:—My friends, we are all loyal subjects of King James, God bless him, and we do his bidding.

PART OF CROWD:—God Save King James!

OTHERS:—God Save Connecticut!

(Trumpets sound and horsemen gallop away followed by soldiers marching and boys running, and women and children following a little way, and then returning to their homes.)

(Music by Band.)

SCENE IV—RESISTANCE TO ANDROS GOVERNMENT. GLASTENBURY PETITION. OCT. 1689.

(*A group of girls enters with baskets gathering nuts. Lt. Samuel Hale, John Hollister, Eleazur Kimberly, Ephraim Goodrich, Richard Treat, Jr., Samuel Welles, Thomas Brewer, John Hubbard, Joseph Hills, John Hale, and Thomas Treat come up over bank by river. Samuel Smith, Benjamin Gilbert, Samuel Wolcott and Nathaniel Foote, Jr. come with sickles and pitchforks. Glastenbury men hail them and they stop.*)

Lt. SAMUEL HALE:—Samuel Smith, can you summon the townsmen to a meeting? We have come from Glastenbury with a petition.

SAMUEL SMITH:—Aye, if the drummer plays the summons the townsmen will gather. (*He starts to go on.*)

Lt. HALE (*Stopping him.*):—No, it must be done quietly. Governor Andros has forbidden all meetings save the one in May for election.

SAMUEL SMITH:—Do we care that they are forbidden by Andros? Here, Gilbert and Wolcott, tie your handkerchiefs to your pitchforks and go to the south meadow where the men are cutting corn. Foote and I will go to the north. Mary and Catharine, call the men from town. We'll soon have a good number assembled.

(*Exeunt Smith and Foote to north, Gilbert and Wolcott to south, Mary and Catharine to northwest. Other girls join men from Glastenbury and chat with them.*)

RICHARD TREAT, JR.:—We must urge strongly that we may form a separate township. If our meetings must be secret there is still more reason we should meet by ourselves.

JOHN HOLLISTER:—We must regain our rights! Thank God, Andros did not get our charter. Richard Treat, surely your brother, the rightful governor, will not let us stay long in this predicament.

RICHARD TREAT, JR.:—My brother Robert says that we must be patient. He and his council feel that this oppression cannot continue long.

(*Smith and Foote return, followed by Rev. Mr. Woodbridge, Capt. John Chester and other men from north.*)

EPHRAIM GOODRICH:—There's no more freedom. We may not even marry without bonds so heavy that few can raise the money to pay them.

SAMUEL SMITH:—We are taxed without any hearing, at the pleasure of Andros. I wish Richard had drowned him in the river when he was ferrying him over! (*Some laugh, but Smith becomes angry.*) Aye, laugh will you? But it's not so funny for an old man who has held his land for thirty odd years by purchase from the rightful owners, to be told that an Indian deed is but “the scratch of a bear's paw”.

NATHANIEL FOOTE, JR.:—They tell us we must take out new patents and pay £50 for them. I'll not do it.

(Enter Wolcott, Gilbert, Capt. Welles and men from south. Girls go back among trees gathering nuts.)

CAPT. JOHN CHESTER:—What can we do, with Captain Talcott and many of our best men in Deerfield with the dragoons?

JOHN HOLLISTER:—The men of Glastenbury wish to petition for a separate township on the east side of the river. (*Takes paper from Lt. Hale and gives to Rev. Mr. Woodbridge.*)

REV. MR. WOODBRIDGE:—Remember, John Hollister, you must have a meeting house and a settled pastor before you may be granted a separate parish and township. You know Governor Andros has forbidden the collection of taxes for the clergy, and will punish those who give to a Non-Conformist pastor.

ELEAZUR KIMBERLY:—Aye, Rev. Mr. Woodbridge, but do not all give the more readily now they are forbidden? (*Rev. W. nods assent.*) Truly, the gift not forced, but given quietly comes from the heart. We shall have no trouble to collect a salary for our pastor and to build a meeting house as soon as Wethersfield grants us leave to have one.

REV. MR. WOODBRIDGE:—If Glastenbury forms a parish, we shall soon have requests from West Farms and Stepney for parishes also.

SAMUEL SMITH:—What if we have? They are quite a company now in all those places. Travel is hard, especially in the winter. The wealth increases and they can afford their own pastors.

SAMUEL WOLCOTT:—If you are feeling so wealthy, Samuel Smith, why not pay the £50 and be free to hold your land again? You know “writs of intrusion” may be served on us at any time.

SAMUEL SMITH:—I'll not do it, even if they put me in jail. (*Girls look toward north and show signs of alarm.*)

REV. MR. WOODBRIDGE (*Going to Smith.*):—Calm yourself, Samuel Smith. Men of Glastenbury, prepare your petition and present it at the meeting in May.

GIRLS (*Running forward.*):—The officers are coming—Andros' men are here!

MEN:—Disperse quickly! Back to your work!

(*Most of the men leave, except Smith, Wolcott, Foote, and Gilbert. Two officers and several soldiers of Andros' enter from north. Girls gather among trees, curious to see the soldiers, yet afraid to be seen.*)

OFFICER:—I seek Samuel Wolcott and Nathaniel Foote.

WOLCOTT and FOOTE:—Here. What would you?

OFFICER:—I demand that Samuel Wolcott and Nathaniel Foote pay £50 each for lands held in Wethersfield.

SAMUEL WOLCOTT:—Indeed, I have no £50 to pay.

NATHANIEL FOOTE, JR.:—And I'll not pay it. 'Tis unfair taxation!

I own my land by holding from the First Adventurers.

OFFICER (*Scoffing.*):—It will be an adventure for you if you refuse to pay. I seek also Benjamin Gilbert and Samuel Smith.

GILBERT and SMITH:—Here. I am Smith. I am Gilbert.

OFFICER:—Indeed, all gathered. What is this—an indignation meeting?

GILBERT (*Hurling himself upon officer and tearing his neckcloth.*):—Aye, that it is. Ye'll leave us and our lands alone, do you hear?

OFFICER (*Struggling with him.*):—Let go my neckcloth. (*Shakes him off with assistance from other officer.*) You have torn it, and you shall pay for this. (*To soldiers.*) Arrest these men. All of them. Chain that one. We'll take them to Hartford to the jail.

(*Soldiers seize men, and chain Gilbert's hands.*)

SAMUEL SMITH (*Enraged.*):—I'll talk to the Governor about this outrage. My lands are my own. I'll not submit to this tyrannical treatment.

(*They are led away protesting. Girls run out from behind trees, look after them anxiously, then hurry away to the south.*)

(*Dance Interlude—Changing Course of the River.*)

(*Forty girls in blue-green draperies dance in and make the formation showing the old course of the river. Larger girls in gray and dark green, representing winds, ice and floods whirl about, attacking them and driving them back in some places and forward in others, until the new course is formed. The older ones leave, while the little girls still sway and circle rhythmically, until finally they dance smoothly away.*)

INTRODUCTION TO EPISODE III

The leaves have scattered over the broad land
And many towns now grace the vale and shore;
A better time has come. No more the fear
Of savage red men chills the hearts of all.
The sterner Puritan ways are now relaxed:
A gayer mood has come and brighter dress;
The trees look down on dances, happy days
Of celebration. Newington has formed a church,
Ordains a worthy pastor of her own.
Then once again come troubled times,
But now the settlers are more strong and fit,
And well prepared to stand for rights and liberty.
The town is honored by the General
Who meets the friendly French to plan the end
And culmination of the war at last,—
A stirring gala time for Wethersfield
And all the daughter parishes, who share
The glory of the visit of the chief.

Episode III

SCENE I—ORDINATION BALL OF REV. ELISHA WILLIAMS, NEWINGTON, OCT. 17, 1722.

(Richard Boardman, Ebenezer Kilbourne, James Francis, Jabez Whittlesey, Isaac Buck, Joseph Hurlbutt, and Dr. Andrus, enter from south, rolling in barrels and hogsheads of cider. They are in a gay mood, jesting, laughing, and playing jokes on each other. Boys run in with baskets of apples and planks and wooden horses which they set up for tables. Women and girls scurry in with pies and cakes. Ebenezer Kilbourne directs others, and Indian boys help with tasks.)

EBENEZER KILBOURNE:—'Tis a lucky thing we have good weather. When I offered my house as a gathering place for the ordination ball, I didn't know there would be more food than we could get inside, to say nothing of the people to eat it.

DR. ANDRUS:—If it should rain we'll have to divide the people and take part to my house.

JOSEPH HURLBUTT:—Aye, and part to mine. But how will you divide them,—the young from the old, or the drinkers from the drys? *(All laugh.)*

ISAAC BUCK:—I warrant they'll be all drinking tonight. 'Tis a great day for our new society. The Rev. Elisha Williams is a man of great godliness and wisdom. Newington is fortunate that he accepted our call.

JAMES FRANCIS:—His fame has brought a great crowd to the new parish. His friend, Jonathan Edwards, who has just graduated from Yale, bids fair to be a fine preacher, by his speech this morning.

RICHARD BOARDMAN:—I trust he does not fall to arguing with Rev. Dr. Williams on theology, for they always quarrel. Rev. Williams supports the New Lights, and I respect him for it.

EBENEZER KILBOURNE:—We'll keep them from discussion of theology by entertaining them with so much food and drink they will find speaking impossible. Boys, run fetch the benches. The doors are open, and the ordination must be over. Go you, Isaac Buck, and hurry the fiddlers, that they may be playing when the company arrives.

(Isaac Buck goes out.)

RICHARD BOARDMAN:—You are a royal entertainer, Ebenezer. It is well that you are appointed to keep public house on this day.

(Widow Elizabeth Andrus bustles about with a broom.)

JABEZ WHITTLESEY:—Where be you going, Elizabeth Andrus,—a riding on your broom?

ELIZABETH ANDRUS:—Nay, Jabez Whittlesey,—I be not a witch and see you do not call me such. (*Flourishes broom angrily.*)

JOSEPH HURLBUTT:—Indeed he is but joking with you, Widow Andrus. This is a day for jollity, so why be you so eager to work?

(*Fiddlers enter with Isaac Buck who offers them drinks. Boys return with benches.*)

ELIZABETH ANDRUS:—All the muddy boots I saw going in will leave a heap of dirt, and if it stays until the evening it will be tracked into my fine clean floors.

EBENEZER KILBOURNE:—You're right, Widow Andrus. 'Tis a real job you have to sweep out the meeting house, and you be a faithful worker at your task. But come and join the rejoicing as soon as your task is over.

(*Widow Andrus nods and goes out. Fiddlers begin to play.*)

WOMEN and GIRLS:—They are coming. Is everything ready?

(*Enter Rev. and Mrs. Williams, Rev. and Mrs. Mix, Jonathan Edwards, Nathaniel Burnham and guests from Wethersfield and Glastenbury, Martin Kellogg and Mrs. Kellogg, Samuel Hunn, Joseph Camp, Abraham Warren, John Whaples, Deacon John Deming, John Whaples, James Stoddard, and others.*)

EBENEZER KILBOURNE:—Aye, we are all ready. Welcome, everybody!

(*The girls giggle and prink as the young men hover around awkwardly, asking them to be partners for dancing. Isaac Buck, Richard Boardman, Ebenezer Kilbourne and James Francis serve drinks, and boys pass mugs. Women serve pies and cakes, and girls who are not in dance pass them.*)

ISAAC BUCK:—Here are drinks for all. Fill up your mugs!

JAMES FRANCIS:—There's plenty for everyone—so be not bashful.

(*Deacon Deming speaks to Dr. Andrus.*)

DR. ANDRUS (*To the fiddlers.*):—Stop the fiddling. Quiet, everyone. Deacon Deming would speak to you. (*All are quiet.*)

DEACON DEMING:—Let us in our rejoicing be ever thanking God that this great day has come to the new society of Newington. We greet our friends and guests from Wethersfield and Glastenbury, and would ask the new pastor to say a few words to us.

(*Crowd applauds.*)

REV. MR. WILLIAMS:—Dear people, it is with a heart full of joy that I look upon your smiling faces. May the new meeting house ever see such happy scenes and such harmony of spirit. The entertainment which the committee has prepared speaks for itself in plenty and quality, and I know the young people long to begin the dancing.

(All applaud enthusiastically.)

CROWD:—Aye, Rev. Williams. Hurrah for Newington Society! On with the dance! Be merry! Play, fiddlers.

(Fiddlers play a merry country dance, and young people dance, with here and there an older couple joining them.)

(During dance Elizabeth Andrus reenters with broom. As she puts it down to take some food, a boy takes it and rides around witch fashion. She chases him and rescues the broom.)

(At the end of the dance Martin Kellogg brings forward the Indian boys who have been helping.)

MARTIN KELLOGG:—Rev. Williams and Rev. Mix, would you grant me permission to bring these Indian boys within the meeting house tonight, that they may hear the final ceremony of the ordination? It will be an event for them to witness and remember.

(Rev. Mr. Williams consults with Rev. Mr. Mix, who nods assent.)

REV. MR. WILLIAMS:—Aye, Martin Kellogg, bring the Indian lads within, if you will be responsible for their behavior. It is a worthy aim to teach them religion.

MARTIN KELLOGG:—I am glad to teach them, and it is my earnest wish to have a school for these folk who are so fast disappearing from their native country.

REV. MR. WILLIAMS:—A true Christian aim, Captain Kellogg. The more so as your captivity among them might have made you bitter against them. If we could all feel as kindly and as charitable toward our enemies as does Martin Kellogg, the kingdom of God might be come here in Newington. Enter the meeting house, one and all, and think upon this Christian example.

CROWD:—Aye, Rev. Williams.

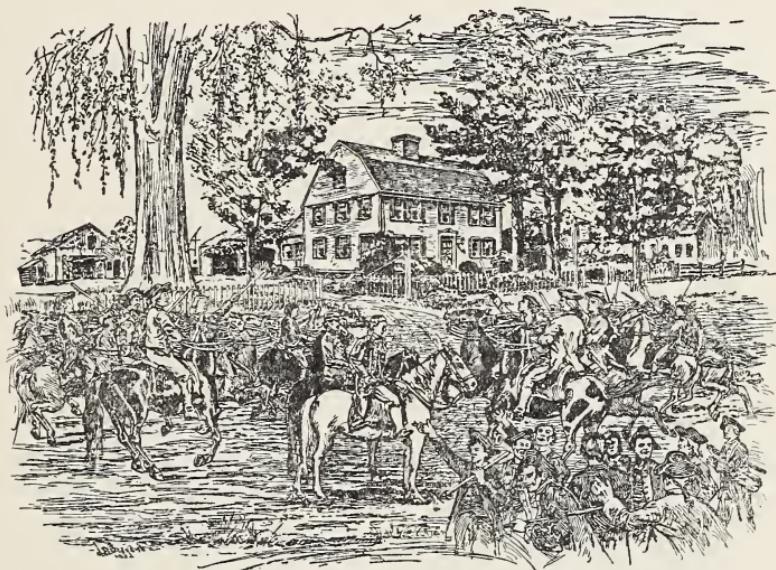
(The men bow and women curtsey as Rev. Mr. Williams and wife, Rev. Mr. Mix and wife, Jonathan Edwards, guests and townsmen pass them and exount to the south. The women hasten to clear the tables, men of the committee take away barrels, boys take benches and tables, and all follow to the south.)

(The Band takes up the tune which the fiddlers played and continues until all is cleared away.)

SCENE II—JARED INGERSOLL'S RESIGNATION, SEPT. 19, 1765

CONVERSATION IN THIS SCENE TAKEN ALMOST ENTIRELY FROM HOLLISTER'S HISTORY OF CONNECTICUT, AND ADAMS' AND STILES' HISTORY OF WETHERSFIELD.

(Rider from south gallops in, blows bugle for assembly. Four men on horseback, Ezekiel Williams, John Chester, Chester Welles, and John Beckley ride in from north. Trumpeter points south and they nod, and ride abreast toward south, while he goes on toward north. Jared Ingersoll rides in from south on a white horse with one soldier. Ezekiel Williams rides directly up to Ingersoll and forces him to halt.)



RESIGNATION OF JARED INGERSOLL, ROYAL STAMP-MASTER FOR CONNECTICUT, AT WETHERSFIELD, SEPT. 19, 1765.

EZEKIEL WILLIAMS:—What business takes you on the road to Wethersfield, Jared Ingersoll?

JARED INGERSOLL:—I am on my way to Hartford to ask the advice of the General Assembly because people are refusing to pay the stamp tax.

JOHN CHESTER:—"Twill do you no good to get an order from the Assembly. No one will pay the tax.

JARED INGERSOLL:—That is my business,—not yours, John Chester.

EZEKIEL WILLIAMS:—We look upon this as the cause of the people.

JARED INGERSOLL:—I will meet the Assembly at Hartford and as many of the people as choose to come there. Let me be on my way.

(*Williams, Chester and others draw horses to one side and fall in behind Ingersoll. As he starts to ride on, a large company of men ride in from north, with Durkee and two uniformed militia officers at head, and three trumpeters, blowing trumpets, all carrying long heavy peeled clubs. They open ranks and let Ingersoll ride into center, then close around him and continue toward north, and then wheel around him and come to center nearer audience. Trumpeter comes up beside him.*)

TRUMPETER:—How do you like to find yourself attended by such a retinue?

JARED INGERSOLL:—I have now a clearer idea than ever before of that passage in Revelations which describes “Death on a pale horse and all hell following”.

(*Trumpeters and others laugh loudly. Durkee halts Ingersoll and all stop. Women and children come and some children are lifted up by fathers so that they can see.*)

DURKEE:—There's no need to ride to Hartford. We'll settle this matter here and now.

ALL:—Aye, settle it here. Settle it now. Here under this elm tree.

JARED INGERSOLL:—I will meet with you at the tavern.

CHESTER WELLES:—All cannot see and hear within the tavern. Let it be done here.

JARED INGERSOLL:—What do you want me to do?

ALL:—Resign! Resign! We want no stamp master!

JARED INGERSOLL:—Indeed, I cannot resign. Come, let me go on and present your grievance to the assembly.

DURKEE:—It don't signify to parley. Here are a great many people waiting and you must resign.

JARED INGERSOLL:—I want to know the sense of the government. Beside, were I to resign, the governor has power to put in another stamp master.

EZEKIEL WILLIAMS:—Here is the sense of government; and no man shall exercise your office.

JARFD INGERSOLL:—What will follow if I don't resign?

ALL:—Your fate. Your fate. You'll die.

JARED INGERSOLL (*Calmly.*):—I can die, and perhaps now as well as at any time. I can die but once.

(*People mutter and move about.*)

DURKEE (*Impatiently.*):—Don't irritate the people!

JARED INGERSOLL:—I ask for leave to proceed to Hartford.

DURKEE:—You shall not go till you have resigned.

JARED INGERSOLL:—I ask leave to send a messenger to Hartford.

DURKEE:—Then be quick about it.

(*Ingersoll writes, hands paper to aide, who gallops to north.*)

JOHN CHESTER:—Mr. Ingersoll, you may retire to a room in my house, where you may reflect upon this matter.

JARED INGERSOLL:—Thank you, Colonel Chester, but I prefer to go into the tavern.

(*He dismounts and goes out with Chester.*)

(*Crowd begins to murmur and stir around, shake fists and grow angry.*)

CHESTER WELLES:—I say get the matter over, before the Assembly has time to do anything about it.

EZEKIEL WILLIAMS:—This delay is his artifice, to wheedle the matter along until the Assembly get ensnared in it.

PEOPLE:—Aye, force him to do it. Don't wait. No more delay. We'll bring him out if we have to beat him with our clubs.

DURKEE:—I'll get him out here. (*Rides after Ingersoll and shouts.*) Come out Mr. Ingersoll if you value your life. I can't keep the people off any longer.

JARED INGERSOLL:—The cause is not worth dying for.

DURKEE:—Here's the paper ready for you to sign. (*Boy brings quill pen and ink. Durkee hands paper to Ingersoll who signs it.*)

ALL:—Read it. Read it aloud.

(*Women and children gather closer, laughing excitedly.*)

JARED INGERSOLL:—Wethersfield, September 19, 1765. I do hereby promise that I will never receive any stamped papers which may arrive from Europe, in consequence of an act lately passed in the Parliament of Great Britain, nor officiate in any manner as Stamp Master or Distributor of Stamps within the Colony of Connecticut either directly or indirectly. And I do hereby notify all the Inhabitants of His Majesty's Colony of Connecticut, (notwithstanding the said office or Trust has been committed to me) not to apply to me, ever hereafter, for any such stamped papers, hereby declaring that I do resign said office, and execute these Presents of my own free will and accord without any Equivocation or mental Reservation. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my Hand.

J. INGERSOLL.

ALL:—Swear to it. Swear to it.

JARED INGERSOLL:—I beg that you will excuse me from taking an oath.

ALL:—Then shout “Liberty and Property” three times.

JARED INGERSOLL (*Swinging hat above his head.*):—Liberty and Property. Liberty and Property. Liberty and Property.

WELLES:—Well done, Mr. Ingersoll! Three cheers for Ingersoll!

ALL:—Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Ingersoll!

(*All laugh and shout as he mounts horse and rides on toward north with whole party of horsemen following, boys running along and women and girls following.*)

(Music by band.)

SCENE III—WASHINGTON ARRIVES IN WETHERSFIELD, MAY 19, 1782.

(*Mistress Martha Belden and Mistress Elizabeth Chester hurry in with servants, Chloe (colored) and Jinny (colored). Jinny carries a pile of plates, and Chloe carries a pair of shining silver candlesticks. The ladies are beautifully dressed.*)

MARTHA BELDEN:—Carry those dishes carefully, Jinny. Good-day, Elizabeth. This is my last trip to Abigail's. I'm sure there's nothing more can be needed in the Webb House, even if she were entertaining the Lord himself, instead of General George Washington.

ELIZABETH CHESTER:—That house shines from attic to cellar. Even the slave loft has been scrubbed. 'Tis as fair a mansion as I ever hope to see.

(Enter Hannah Mitchell.)

HANNAH MITCHELL (*Joining them.*):—Good-day, Mistress Belden. Good-day Mistress Chester, and is your sister-in-law, Abigail, worn out with all this preparation?

ELIZABETH CHESTER:—Nay, she is as fresh and calm as if entertaining General Washington were an everyday occurrence.

MARTHA BELDEN:—That is just the reason why the Webb House is such a delightful place to visit. 'Tis well named Hospitality Hall.

ELIZABETH CHESTER:—After I take these things to Abigail I must hurry home to see that my own table is in order.

HANNAH MITCHELL:—I will go in with Chloe and see that she delivers them properly. I'm sure my own house has been scrubbed and polished so that any speck of dust which may come in will

leave from sheer loneliness—as indeed is the case in all Wethersfield houses this day.

ELIZABETH CHESTER:—I do thank you, Mistress Mitchell. I want to put on the last touches, for I think they will be here soon. John has gone to Hartford to meet the party. (*Exit.*)

MARTHA BELDEN:—To think that the whole party is to stay here in Wethersfield,—not only General Washington and General Knox, but the French counts with their retinue as well. The girls are fair scorching their hair with irons.

(*Joseph Webb, Samuel Boardman and Thomas Belden drag in cannon. Children run after them and boys try to climb on cannon.*)

(*Among the children are Asa Talcott, Thomas Williams, Ebenezer Stillman, John Boardman, Absalom Wells, Sarah Webb.*)

HANNAH MITCHELL:—Indeed I have powdered my own hair, but I wish I had a wig to wear. (*Abigail Webb enters.*) Ah, Abigail, Elizabeth has sent these candlesticks, and I have a dozen plates for you.

ABIGAIL WEBB:—I thank you, Mistress Mitchell. Take them right in, Jinny and Chloe. Lucy will take care of them. (*Exeunt Chloe and Jinny.*)

SARAH WEBB:—Mistress Mitchell, Mistress Mitchell—what's the cannon for? Is there to be a battle?

THOMAS WILLIAMS:—Oh, don't you know? They're going to fire a salute to General Washington.

SARAH WEBB:—Oh, goody, goody!

HANNAH MITCHELL:—I shall cover my ears.

JOSEPH WEBB:—Is it all primed, Samuel? Sure it won't fail us?

SAMUEL BOARDMAN:—Sure as I'm a soldier, I'll take care of it.

(*Sarah Webb is trying to climb on the cannon.*)

ABIGAIL WEBB:—Sarah, Sarah!—what are you doing? Come here at once. Now you've dirtied your dress, and you must go and ask Mammy to change it for you. (*Exeunt Sarah, hanging her head.*)

(*To Joseph Webb.*)—Do you think they will be here soon, Joseph?

JOSEPH WEBB:—Aye, Abigail, a rider has reported that they left Hartford and were proceeding at a good pace, when he spurred his horse ahead.

(*A crowd of women and girls enters, excitedly talking and laughing. Boys and a few men come thronging in, shouting and waving flags.*)

Boys:—They're coming. They're coming!

ASA TALCOTT:—General Washington is on a white horse!

EBENEZER STILLMAN:—Governor Trumbull is there.

JOHN BOARDMAN:—And Colonel Wadsworth, too.

ABSALOM WELLES:—Oh, you should see the uniforms, and the fine horses!

THOMAS WILLIAMS:—And the flags and the hats and the gold braid!

JOSEPH WEBB:—Ready for the salute.

(Washington and party ride in from north. Boardman fires salute. All shout and wave hats and flags. Washington smiles, takes off hat and bows.)

ALL:—General Washington! General Washington! Hurray! Hurray!

(Col. Samuel Webb dismounts and beckons to his brother Joseph. Asa Talcott runs forward and holds horse while Washington dismounts, and Washington hands him money which he shows proudly to boys and girls. They beg him for it and he gives it all away. Washington gives him another coin.)

GEN. WASHINGTON:—Keep that to remember General Washington by.

(Joseph Webb goes to Washington and escorts him to Abigail Webb.)

JOSEPH WEBB:—General Washington, we are most honored to represent the town of Wethersfield in welcoming you.

GEN. WASHINGTON:—It gives me the greatest pleasure to see you again, Mistress Abigail and Master Joseph Webb, and dear friends of Wethersfield. I am glad to rest again beneath your beautiful trees, surrounded by smiling friendly faces.

ALL:—Welcome General Washington! Welcome to Wethersfield!

GEN. WASHINGTON:—Thank you, dear friends. I beg you to excuse me now, as it is near to sundown, and we must all seek our quarters 'ere the Sabbath eve begins. I shall worship with you tomorrow at the meeting house.

Gov. TRUMBULL:—Farewell, General Washington. We must hasten back to Hartford. Colonel Wadsworth and I will wait on you here at Hospitality Hall on Monday.

HARRIET WILLIAMS (*Comes forward and curtseys.*):—If it please your Excellencies, we beg you to honor us with your presence at a concert in the meeting house on Monday night.

Gov. TRUMBULL:—We shall be pleased to attend.

GEN. WASHINGTON:—Farewell, my friends, God bless you all, and give you goodnight.

GOV. TRUMBULL and COL. WADSWORTH:—Good-night, General Washington.
ALL:—Good-night.

(*Exeunt Trumbull and Wadsworth north, Washington and others south. Col. Chester and Boardman drag cannon away. Bugle blows taps or church bell rings.*)

SCENE IV—CONCERT IN HONOR OF WASHINGTON, MAY 21, 1781.

(*Boys run in with benches and a few chairs, also desk for singing master, and music racks for fiddlers. Beautifully dressed girls and women for chorus come and take seats with a great deal of fluttering. Fiddlers and singing master enter. Singing master gives directions and tries pitch pipe.*)

HARRIET WILLIAMS:—Did you see the handsome young French officer who is quartered at our house?

PRUDENCE WELLES:—Do you mean the one with the dark hair and dark skin and black eyes—in the blue coat? He's the only handsome one I saw.

HARRIET WILLIAMS:—No indeed, his skin is not dark—and he is the handsomest of all.

MEHITABLE WEBB:—I do hope General Washington will like our singing!

PRUDENCE WELLES:—I do hope he will, but I care much more what the French count thinks.

SINGING MASTER:—Young ladies, young ladies, attention! When I tap my desk you are all to rise.

HARRIET WILLIAMS:—And do we curtsey?

SINGING MASTER:—No indeed. I shall bow, but you must not. Just keep your eyes on me.

(*Girls giggle and whisper. Rev. John Marsh and his wife enter and take seats, also Deacons Williams, Belden, and Buck, and wives, Colonel Chester and wife, Stephen Mix Mitchell and wife, Capt. Kellogg, Capt. Griswold.*)

RHODA BOARDMAN (*In excited shrill voice.*):—They're coming, they're all coming. The Frenchmen, too.

SINGING MASTER:—Sh!—sh! (*He taps desk and girls rise.*)

(*Gen. Washington enters with Col. Webb and Mr. and Mrs. Webb, followed by Gen. Knox and Gen. Duportail and staff,*)

also Gov. Trumbull, Col. Wadsworth, Count de Rochambeau, Chevalier de Chastellux and young French officers. All the people rise. The singing master bows vigorously. The girls curtsey and simper. He turns and sees them, raps on desk, they straighten and all look at him. He turns and bows again and they all curtsey and bob heads and glance at young men. Gen. Washington is escorted to seat by Rev. Mr. Marsh. He sits and others follow suit as far as seats permit.)

REV. MR. MARSH:—Dear friends, we regret that the seating capacity of our meeting house, though it is ample for most occasions, is not sufficient for this most distinguished company. Therefore we must beg our guests tonight to accept the seats and not be distressed that some of us are standing. With your permission, General Washington, our concert will proceed.

(Washington assents and Singing Master taps nervously.)

(A group of songs sung by Women's Chorus, followed by applause.)

REV. MR. MARSH:—General Washington, will you not say a few words?

GEN. WASHINGTON:—With your kind permission, Reverend Marsh, I should like to say to these young ladies that never before have I seen so many winsome maidens gathered together and singing so sweetly. To all of you, dear friends, my thanks for the generous entertainment you have provided for us. We should like to have you know that we come among you to bring about peace. May the leaves of your trees in Wethersfield be, “for the healing of the nations”—the nation which has been mother of us all, and the new nation just born, both sadly torn by strife. The spirit of peace breathes through the air, and your melodious notes will be ringing in our ears as we go to our momentous conference on the morrow.

(He resumes his seat and all applaud.)

(The Singing Master taps, girls rise, and sing again. At the end of song Rev. Mr. Marsh rises, lifts his hand and all bow their heads.)

REV. MR. MARSH:—May the grace and peace of our Lord be with you evermore.

ALL:—Amen.

(Gen. Washington and his staff file out while all stand at attention. Then there is a great fluttering, and the young French and American officers advance and make overtures to the girls

in the chorus, who are smiling and coquetting. Some of the older people disapprove, and others look on delightedly while the boldest young men offer their arms to the charming maidens and escort them out, followed by the less successful girls and women and the older people.)

(The boys once more carry away the benches, and rearrange the chairs and table for the following scene.)

SCENE V—CONFERENCE AT WEBB HOUSE, MAY 22, 1781.

(Gen. Washington enters with Col. Webb, Trumbull, Stillman, Knox and Duportail.)

COL. WEBB:—It is so warm and pleasant, would you not like to hold your meeting out-of-doors, General Washington?

GEN. WASHINGTON:—Your garden is a lovely spot, Col. Webb, and must look very pleasant to you after your long imprisonment. But we must go inside for our conference must not be overheard. I pray you to ask your brother to be most careful that no one comes near the room while we are meeting.

COL. WEBB:—I shall do so. (*He goes out.*)

GOV. TRUMBULL:—Gen. Washington, I have here lists of supplies and men we will have ready for you by the first of July.

GEN. WASHINGTON:—Indeed, Brother Jonathan, I lean heavily on you and the good people of Connecticut. It seems whenever we know not where to procure men and supplies the answer is, “Ask Brother Jonathan.”

(All laugh and go to places around table as Rochambeau and Chastellux enter with Webb.)

COUNT DE ROCHAMBEAU:—General Washington, my compliments. Messieurs, a very good day to you. (*He bows low, they respond.*)

ALL:—Good day, Count de Rochambeau and Marquis de Chastellux.

ROCHAMBEAU:—Is it assured that we are not overheard?

COL. WEBB:—I have taken every precaution.

(Washington sits, as do others, all except Rochambeau.)

ROCHAMBEAU:—I bear messages of great import. (*Hands papers to Washington.*) Count de Grasse has set sail from France with a considerable fleet and is expected soon to arrive. His fleet and troops will be at your service.

GEN. WASHINGTON:—Count de Rochambeau, your message has cheered me greatly and made more possible the plan I am about to present to you. Words fail to express my gratitude to France and her gallant officers for their assistance in this hour of need. Gentlemen: I feel that the time is in sight when we may strike a final blow. I have sought the views of all of you that a plan of operation may be perfected.

(*Both Rochambeau and Chastellux speak with decided French accent.*)

CHASTELLUX:—We pray you, tell us of this plan. We have utmost confidence in your ability as a strategist.

GEN. WASHINGTON (*Rising.*):—There are two possibilities. The first is the obvious one—a campaign proceeding against New York, both by land and sea, and joining forces to completely control the city and surrounding territory. The second—to extend our campaign southward and proceed against Yorktown, where the enemy have 8000 men under Cornwallis, and strongly fortified works at two points. (*He sits and men consult together for a moment.*)

GEN. KNOX:—The second plan seems much the more effective.

GEN. DUPORTAIL:—It involves much more elaborate operations, however.

ROCHAMBEAU:—The second plan would be more unexpected and would strike at the heart of their strength. We might appear to proceed against New York, and then change our campaign, taking them unaware.

GEN. WASHINGTON (*Opening maps and spreading them on table.*): It is my suggestion that the American army join with the French army under Lafayette at Williamsburg, and march against Yorktown together. How many troops can the French command by September?

ROCHAMBEAU:—As nearly as I can say, about 7000.

ALL:—Splendid! Fine! That is remarkable!

Gov. TRUMBULL:—I wish that Silas Deane might be here to see this day, due more to him than any know or realize.

GEN. WASHINGTON:—I am deeply grieved that such a cloud has fallen on our good friend Silas Deane. I am sure he does not deserve the blame for the delays which have caused such heartaches. Of our own Continental troops, with Brother Jonathan's aid, we can muster 5,500, and the Virginia militia under General Nelson number about 3,500.

GEN. KNOX:—A total of 16,000. We should find the second plan entirely possible with such numbers.

(*The French officers, Gen. Knox and Gen. Duportail gather behind Washington, looking at the maps.*)

GEN. WASHINGTON:—We shall have to depend largely upon the French fleet for a very important part of the plan. All available ships and frigates must be sent to the York and James rivers to cut off Cornwallis' retreat. The artillery from the ships will be played on the town, and simultaneous attacks made upon the two forts by the American and French armies.

ROCHAMBEAU:—A stroke of genius. The product of a master mind. We shall be proud to join with you. (*Shakes Washington's hand.*)

CHASTELLUX:—A most masterly plan. (*Same action.*)

Gov. TRUMBULL:—A worthy web to be spun at Webb House for the final ensnaring of the enemy. Connecticut will help you to the limit of her ability.

GEN. WASHINGTON:—There is no need to enjoin you all to the most careful secrecy. You understand that no word of this can be written out or breathed to any but those highest in command.

ALL:—We pledge our secrecy! Our confidence!

GEN. WASHINGTON:—The meeting is adjourned that you may rest and refresh yourselves and consider these plans in more detail.

Gov. TRUMBULL:—I beg you, General Washington, Count de Rochambeau and gentlemen, to be my guests for dinner at Stillman's Tavern, where I am assured we shall have an excellent meal.

ALL:—Thank you, Governor Trumbull.

CHASTELLUX:—Indeed, the maids of the tavern are most bewitching.

GEN. WASHINGTON:—With pleasure, Brother Jonathan. But Marquis, take care lest you leave broken hearts behind when you go tomorrow!

(*All laugh and stand aside as Washington leads them out.*)

(*The crowd of girls, women and children enter and surround them, escorting them to the tavern with cheers and greetings and laughter, the officers flirting with the girls. The children run as close to Washington as possible and he smiles and nods to them.*)

(Music by Band.)

INTRODUCTION TO EPISODE IV

Quieter days have come, with industries humming and thriving,
Launching of ships and the passing of sailboats and steam on the river.
Stepney Parish becomes Rocky Hill, is a center of trading,
Still the great trees overhead do not fail to give shelter.
Then there come to the town other nations from Europe,
Dark and fair, north and south, of all tongues and all races,
Come in numbers to settle, to labor among us,
Come to learn, and to teach, to be helped and to help us.

Episode IV

SCENE I—ROCKY HILL BECOMES A TOWN, MAY, 1843

(*Walter Danforth, Donald Grimes, Thos. Robbins, Albert Griswold, and other boys bring armloads of brooms, pewter and tinware, Negro drives in wagon loaded with barrel staves and bricks.*)

(*Mrs. Stillman, Mary Danforth, Sarah Williams, and other girls and women bring strings of onions. They are singing as they arrange the piles.*)

(*Dr. Chapin enters with Jared Dimock. He smiles and greets the young people and jokes with them.*)

DR. CHAPIN:—Here, Jared Dimock, are these your singing pupils? There's new material for our choir.

JARED DIMOCK:—Some of them will join us soon.

DR. CHAPIN:—What's the meaning of all this activity so early on a May morning?

SARAH WILLIAMS:—Capt. Butler's ship is come in this morning, Dr. Chapin, and we want to be first to trade.

DR. CHAPIN:—Ho, and so you are. Well, here's hoping you'll catch more than worms for your onions.

MRS. HARRIET STILLMAN:—These are fine onions, Dr. Chapin—did you ever see any larger or better? (*Holds up string of onions, which Dr. Chapin examines.*)

DR. CHAPIN:—Aye, indeed, in my own garden, before I pulled them. But afterward, alas, I find they are usually larger in odor than in edible portion.

MRS. STILLMAN:—They're not growing as well as they did. They're crowding out the onions for broom corn.

MARY DANFORTH:—What can you expect, with three broom factories in Rocky Hill? I hear they made 5000 brooms this year.

DONALD GRIMES:—Aye, you should see the loads we have to bring to the ship.

JARED DIMOCK (*To negro.*):—What do you expect to get in return for all that load of barrel staves and bricks, Jonah?

JONAH:—Ah declar sah, dey says dey mostly jest takes on de bricks fo' ballast,—dey don' give me much fo' dem. But de pipe staves, fo' dem I'se gwine get sugar an' molasses, an salt an' tea, an' rum an' brandy—(*Breaks off too late.*)

DR. CHAPIN (*Thundering.*) :—Jonah, Jonah, do you want the devil to get your soul? Have I not told you that his hands get their firmest grasp on all who partake of strong drink? Do you want to be barred from the church loft?

JONAH (*Terrified.*) :—No suh! Ah—ah jest gets it to trade.

DR. CHAPIN :—Strong drink is an abomination to the Lord. Keep yourself away from it entirely, Jonah!

JONAH :—Yas suh! Yes suh! (*Drives hurriedly away.*)

(*Capt. Butler enters with Dr. Fuller and Jehiel Robbins.*)

GIRLS :—Oh, Captain Butler, did you bring home some pretty new prints? Captain Butler, have you any ribbons? See the fine onions we have to trade.

CAPT. BUTLER :—We brought gewgaws of all kinds for the young ladies. The ship's master will be here to trade with you soon, or you can trade with him at the dock. Hello boys, Captain Williams wants more brooms. He is sailing soon.

(*Boys gather up brooms and race each other out.*)

(*Some of the girls and women leave with onions.*)

DR. CHAPIN :—Ah, Captain Butler, you are most welcome back from your long voyage.

CAPT. BUTLER :—Thank you, Dr. Chapin. I wish to thank God properly for my safe return. Will you post this prayer at the meeting house?

DR. CHAPIN :—I'll put it here on the tree,—that even the leaves may shout aloud their thanksgivings,—and mayhap Jared Dimock will lead the young folks in a song.

JARED DIMOCK :—'Twere better not, for I see John Gibbs' buggy coming and since his wife died last Sunday it might seem unsympathetic if we are too gay.

DR. FULLER :—I have been worried about John Gibbs. As soon as his wife was buried he harnessed his horse and drove away. I fear his grief may have affected his mind.

(*John Gibbs drives in with brightly dressed woman beside him. Both are smiling.*)

DR. CHAPIN :—Ah, John Gibbs, we are thankful that you have returned safely to Wethersfield.

JOHN GIBBS :—Thank you, Dr. Chapin. Allow me to present to you the new Mrs. Gibbs, who was married to me yesterday in Salisbury.

(*All are amazed, then begin to laugh. Dr. Fuller chuckles and then pulls out paper and writes.*)

DR. CHAPIN (*Dumbfounded.*) :—Ah—Oh—Congratulations John Gibbs, and my felicitations, Mrs. Gibbs.

(*Captain Williams and other sailors enter. Boys and girls return.*)

JARED DIMOCK :—I'm sorry—I mean I'm glad—oh, hang it, what can I say!

(*Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs nod and smile, and drive on. Boys and girls and women bargain with sailors.*)

DR. FULLER (*Handing paper to Dr. Chapin.*) :—Here's another prayer to post on the tree beside Captain Butler's.

DR. CHAPIN (*Reading.*) :—The congregation is requested to give thanks for the safe return of John Gibbs from Salisbury!

(*Laughs.*) —Good, indeed, but the congregation might be shocked were I to post it.

DR. FULLER :—I'll post it myself. (*Goes to tree.*) —No, I'm not as spry as I was. Here, Walter, you do it for me, and I'll give you a penny. (*Walter Danforth climbs up tree and sticks notice on a twig, then goes to Dr. Fuller for penny.*)

(*Capt. Butler acts displeased, others laugh.*)

CAPT. BUTLER :—Dr. Fuller, will you attend a sick sailor on my ship?

DR. FULLER :—I'll go, Captain Butler. Then I must be on my rounds.

CAPT. BUTLER :—I'll take you to him. But what will be your charge, Doctor?

DR. FULLER :—The good old Yankee shilling, same as ever, Captain.

(*He goes out with Capt. Butler.*)

(*Capt. Williams has been talking with Jehiel Robbins.*)

CAPT. WILLIAMS :—Aye, Rocky Hill is a busy place, with industry and shipping. We should be a town by ourselves.

JEHIEL ROBBINS :—We shall be soon, Captain Williams. Our petition was to come before the Legislature yesterday.

CAPT. WILLIAMS :—I hear that every time I come home, but I suppose when I return from my next voyage it will be the same.

JARED DIMOCK :—Here comes the post now with Roderick Grimes.

(*Postman comes in wagon with Grimes.*)

JEHIEL ROBBINS :—What news, Grimes? Any action in the Legislature?

RODERICK GRIMES:—Good news, Dr. Chapin and all—the Legislature has granted our petition. Rocky Hill now becomes an independent incorporated town, cut off from all obligations to and from Wethersfield.

Boys:—Hurrah! Hurrah! Rocky Hill! Rocky Hill Incorporated!

(*They wave brooms and beat on tin pans. Girls take hands and dance while boys march in long line, shouting.*)

(*Men all shake hands and join in shouts and celebration. Capt. Butler, Dr. Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs, Jonah and others return and improvise a procession and march away.*)

FINALE—MANY NATIONS COME TO WETHERSFIELD.

(Band plays “Connecticut March”)

(*Modern Wethersfield representatives come from north, Boy and Girl Scouts, Ministers, Teachers, Heads of Business and Industry from all four towns. They meet groups of foreigners from all four towns coming from south, with flags, bundles, etc., in costumes of home countries, shawls over heads, etc. The foreigners are greeted by Modern Wethersfield, and each one is taken by one of the representatives and led into formation for Grand Finale March.*)

(*All participants in earlier scenes march in, with their own group, and form long aisle.*)

(*Band stops playing and all stand quiet while Epilogue is spoken.*)

EPILOGUE

So the leaves of the tree were for healing the nations,
For three hundred long years on the land by the river.
And we look down the future and pray that the nations
May be one in the purpose and hope and achievement,
May be brothers together, commingled in friendship,
May continue as worthy the work of their fathers,
Growing kinder, more loving and gentler in judgment.
So the leaves may not wither, the branches point upward,
The promise of God may be ours in the valley.

(Band plays again.)

(*Modern group with foreign groups march down center, between the people of earlier days and lead the march around north end of grandstand and away.*)



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